Winke each at other, holde the sweete iest vp.
This sport well carried, shall bee chronicled.
If you haue any pitty, grace, or manners,
You would not make mee such an argument.
But fare ye well: tis partly my owne fault:
Which death, or absence soone shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle *Helena*: heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.
Hel. O excellent!
Herm. Sweete, doe not scorne her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compell.
Lys. Thou canst compell no more, then she intreat.
Thy threats haue no more strength then her weake praise.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe:
I sweare by that which I will loose for thee;
To prooue him false, that saies I loue thee not.
Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it to.
Dem. Quick come.
Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you *Ethiop*.
Dem. No, no: heele
Seeme to breake loose: take on as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go.
Lys. Hang of thou cat, thou bur: vile thing let loose;
Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent.
Her. Why are you growne so rude? What change is this,
Sweete loue?
Lys. Thy loue? Out tawny *Tartar*, out:
Out loathed medcine: ô hated potion hence.
Her. Doe you not iest?
Hel. Yes sooth: and so doe you.
Lys. *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word, with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond. For I perceiue,
A weake bond holds you. Ile not trust your word.

Lys.

Lys. What? should I hurt her, strike
Although I hate her, Ile not harme he
Her. What? Can you do me greater h
Hate mee, wherefore? O me, what ne
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysande*
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night, you lou'd mee; yet since n
Why then, you left mee (ô the gods fo
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. I, by my life:
And neuer did desire to see thee more
Therefore be out of hope, of question,
Be certaine: nothing truer: tis no iest
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*.
Her. O mee, you iuggler, you cank
You theefe of loue: what, haue you co
And stolne my loues heart, from him?
Hel. Fine, I faith.
Haue you no modesty, no maiden sha
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will
Impatient answeres, from my gentle t
Fy, fy, you counterfait, you puppet,
Her. Puppet? Why so? I, that way g
Now I perceiue that she hath made co
Betweene our statures, she hath vrg'd
And with her personage, her tall per
Her height (forsooth) she hath preuail
And are you growne so high in his est
Because I am so dwarfish and so lowe
How lowe am I, thou painted May-p
How lowe am I? I am not yet so lowe
But that my nailes can reach vnto thi
Hel. I pray you, though you mocke
Let her not hurt me. I was neuer curst
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29